

Plymouth Mail.

VOL. 1. NO. 31.

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY APRIL 6, 1888.

WHOLE NO 31-

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,

Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.

Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—Peter Gayde has been very sick this week.

—Dr. Hatch's new barn is about completed.

—What about base ball—are we to have a club here?

—Edgar Goldsmith, of Wayne, was in town Tuesday.

—Fred Dunn is working in the Markham gun works.

—The State press association meets in Detroit, May 29, 30 and 31.

—The wife of Christian Stockfleet, of Livonia, died Friday morning.

—Leave your order for a nobby suit of clothes at H. Dohmstreich & Co's.

—Henry Whipple has returned from a winter's sojourn in Tuscola county.

—The "kids" play marbles when the ground is dry enough to admit of it.

—The Milford postoffice has been changed from a fourth to a third-class office.

—A. E. Holmes and Miss Nora Goodell both of Cherry Hill, were married last week.

—M. R. Nowlin, of New Boston, who has been very sick for some time is getting better.

—A neat wire railing around the desk at Dohmstreich & Co's is their latest improvement.

—Monroe Paddock is engaged in remodeling Lafayette Dean's barn, in north part of town.

—Andrew Passage, who has been ailing for several months past, has been much worse of late.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cray, of Northville, spent Sunday at this place with friends and relatives.

—The Wabash railroad sells tickets at half-fare rates on Saturdays and thereby has full trains.

—Miss Nettie Purdy has commenced her term of teaching school, at Rough and Ready corners.

—Virgil Tillotson had the misfortune to loose a mare and two two-year-old colts by death last week.

—H. A. Spicer expects to leave tomorrow or Monday for Boston, to be absent about eight months.

—“Grandpa” took advantage of the “first excursion of the season,” and went to the city, Tuesday.

—Rev. M. W. Gifford occupied the Baptist pulpit last Sabbath, and will continue to do so until May 1.

—Mrs. W. A. Bassett was called to Caro the latter part of the week, on account of the death of a grand-child there.

—George Merriman, of this place, sold his household goods at auction yesterday, and will go to Colorado to reside.

—A Chelsea minister kicks against advertising socials, etc., from the pulpit. That's right make 'em get out dodgers.

—All odd fellows requested to be present at room, next Monday evening, at 7:30 p. m., sharp, to transact important business.

—The Detroit Presbytery met on Tuesday, in Pontiac. Rev. George H. Wallace was in attendance upon it for a couple of days.

—The frequent showers of late have started the grass nicely, and there is likely to be quite a growth within two or three weeks.

—We are sorry to learn that they have a few cases of diphtheria near Cherry Hill. Albert Cole and Bert Gould have each lost a child from it.

—Manchester's band has its uniform complete now with the exception of pants. An embarrassing condition for the boys.—Sallye Observer.

—Evening service in the Presbyterian church, from this on will commence at half-past seven. Gospel hymns used; please bring them.

—Mrs. Levi Westfall, an aged widow, who lived one-half mile north of Lapham's Corners, died Sunday, and was brought here for burial on Tuesday.

—Early Thursday morning of last week lightning struck the barn of Lewis F. Warner of Canton, setting it on fire and totally destroying it. Three head of cattle and one horse were burned with it. Insured in the Monroe and Wayne Farmers mutual.

Last day, Saturday, April 14, Gem gallery.

Satines at H. Dohmstreich & Co's are just immense.

—Rev. H. H. Rood, of Hillsdale, will preach in the M. E. church, Sunday.

Last day, Saturday April 14, still offer seventeen Gems for twenty-five cents.

—M. Conner & Son are turning out lots of milk cans, such as are used for carrying milk to the creamery.

—Dr. Pelham has just put a new nitrous oxide apparatus in his office. Those not liking electricity can have devitalized air.

—The new cheese factory here began operations Tuesday. The receipts of milk for the first day was about 1,500 pounds. Pretty good for a starter.

—Read over the advertisements in the MAIL. Our advertisers are all well stocked with reasonable goods, and are able to quote you favorable prices.

—It is reported that at Bloomington, Ill., large numbers of cattle are suffering from mortification in the flesh of the head, on account of being dishorned.

—A suit of Calvin B. Crosby, guardian for Mary Ann Everett, vs. Wm. Farley, replevin suit, before Esquire Valentine, on Tuesday, was adjourned till April 30.

—The Markham Air Rifle company are shipping their guns to both sides of the country—to California on the west, and to Maine and Massachusetts on the east.

—John Stewart has bought the Blount place, just south of William Manchester's for \$800 and took possession Monday. It consists of house and one acre of land.

—Miss Edith Harrison of Wayne, Miss Nottie Chase, of Charlotte, Mrs. Orange Butler and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, of Northville, were guests at J. H. Steers' on Monday.

—We want good correspondents at Pike's Park, Redford, Dearborn, Denton, Cherry Hill, Salem and Inkster, and in fact at every cross-road and settlement near here.

—Stringer Bros. are in town arranging for the building of their new saw mill. The machinery will be all new and was purchased at Mansfield, Ohio.—South Lyon Picket.

—H. A. Whipple contemplates the removal of his hotel down town this spring. He has several locations in view but has not decided where he will locate it.—South Lyon Picket.

—Through the kindness of his charge, the Rev. J. M. Shank takes a vacation of a few weeks for rest and recuperation. He left on Saturday for Dansville, this State, his old home.

—They say that the five-year old son of the Carleton postmaster died with scarlet fever the other day; such being the case, mail from that postoffice should be handled carefully.

—The PLYMOUTH MAIL in its last issue, gave one of our contemporaries a deserved drubbing.—Hilly Advertiser. Yes, and we fear they have cut us off their exchange list; we haven't heard from them since.

—A mouse escaped from a Greenville cat, recently, scrambled into a young lady's skirt and took refuge in her bustle, but she was not aware of the fact until she disrobed at night. Never was mouse so sat upon. It dropped to the floor dead and she screamed and landed in a chair, as they all do.—Evening News.

—The report has been received here that Alba Heywood, the impersonator and clever actor, who has appeared in our village several times, died in a Western State February 28, with consumption.—Sallye Observer. Not so, Brother Hawkins Heywood entertained the people of Dimondale, this State, last Saturday evening.

—Burgars, probably the same gang that visited our village a few nights ago, entered the stores of Griswold & Fitzgerald, G. T. Grady and Conkright & Son, at South Lyon, on Thursday night, of last week. They gained entrance the same as as here, by prying open the front door. As they didn't take anything they probably just did it for exercise.

—A laborer employed digging a trench at the cheese factory and finding the ground troz in some places, got his eyes on one of the carpenter's adze, and proceeded to use it to chop through the front, when the carpenter interrupted him by asking him whose tool he was using; he said, "I don't now." Whereupon the carpenter told him that was his adze and he did not want him to chop it on to the gravel stone; he said, "That your hoe," and was much surprised when informed that that was to cut wood with and not a hoe to work in the ditch.

New Goods!
All are cordially invited to call and see the latest styles in millinery.
Mrs. L. MERRIMAN.

G. & A.

S. & Co.

JUST RECEIVED!

A COMPLETE LINE OF THE

CELEBRATED

PINGREE & SMITH SHOES!

NEW STOCK

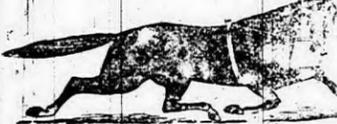
HATS AND CAPS,
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
Crockery & Glassware.

AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

IMMENSE STOCK OF WALL PAPER.

COMBINATION HORSE SALE!



We come before the public and offer to handle the horses they have for sale, bringing together the buyer and seller, with the least possible expense, both in time and money, and giving the buyer a greater number to select from, believing a greater number of horses can be sold at a Much Less Expense and with better results than in the former way of selling. **CONDITIONS**—A commission of 7 per cent. will be charged on all sales, board and care not to exceed 50 cents per day. Owners wanting us to put their horses in condition for sale should send them to us as early as possible. Horses shipped to us from a distance will be received and taken to our stable free of charge, shippers in all cases to prepay freight. For further information apply to

CORTRITE & DANA, Cass Ave Hotel Barn, Detroit, Mich.

Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President.
L. D. SHEARER, Vice President.

DIRECTORS.

T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach,
L. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, O. B. Pattengall,
William Geer, I. N. Starkweather, S. J. Springer,
I. N. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sickle,
Alfred D. Lyndon.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, acid indigestion, constipation or colic, which we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give gentle action. Large boxes containing 31 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 362 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WE ARE FULL OF BARGAINS!

—IN—

Ladies' - Dress - Goods!

We have Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Hats, Etc.

We also carry a Full Line of Gents' Furnishing Goods and Mens' Working Clothes.

We have a Large and Complete line of Wall Paper and Ceiling Decorations.

Our Stock of Crockery is replete. It is all new and desirable.

We also have Choice Fresh Groceries, and the White Loaf Flour.

All of the above goods at Lowest Living Prices and satisfaction guaranteed. Come and inspect them.

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

Arbor Day.

Gov. Luce has issued the following Arbor Day proclamation: A quarter of a century has passed since, in a quiet green valley of Pennsylvania, the name of Gettysburg was made forever memorable and its blood-stained victory turned the balance, in which hung the nation's life.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

Holister Allison fell into cattle guard near Pinconning, and had both legs so horribly mangled by passing trains that amputation was necessary. After the accident he managed to crawl to nearest house, some forty rods distant. Ex-Mayor Hart of Battle Creek, is dead. A \$5,000 bridge is to be built across the St. Jo river at Berrien Springs.

defend the suit over New Orleans exposition funds, recently decided against him before Judge Grant in Michigan. According to the governor, the result was reached without any consideration of his side of the case. Arrangements had been made to take his testimony before a commissioner, but this was never done, and the case went to trial on an ex-parte hearing.

a rich farmer near Mt. Morris, stole a fine, well-mated set of an young horses, and then set fire to the barn. The result was that two large and valuable barns and several other structures were destroyed, with hay, grain, tools, etc. Loss \$2,000; insurance \$800. The neighbors, who gathered to help put out the fire, saw the robber making off with his booty, but as they had not yet learned the situation they did not stop him.

THROUGH A BRIDGE.
Horrible Accident Near Hampton, Iowa.
Nearly a Dozen Lives Lost.
A passenger train going at full speed plunged into a creek, the bridge of which was washed out about four miles from Hampton, Iowa, April 5.

say, but it is at least apparent that Prince Bismarck is restless and shaky under the new regime. Heretofore he has had to do with men whose, he finds himself now confronted with three generations of Victorias, all blessed with true Guelphic sentimentality and obstinacy.

DETROIT MARKETS
WHEAT, White, \$4.84
WHEAT, Red, \$4.82
OATS, per bu., \$3.35
BARLEY, \$4.45
MALT, \$9.90
TIMOTHY SEED, \$2.50
CLOVER SEED, \$3.75
FLOUR, per cwt., \$2.00
FLOUR-Michigan patent, \$4.75
Michigan roller, \$4.50
Minnesota patent, \$5.00
Minnesota bakers', \$4.50
Michigan rye, \$3.75
APPLES, new, per bu., \$3.00
BEANS, picked, \$2.45
BEANS, unpecked, \$2.10
BEEF, \$1.25
BUTTER, \$23.24
CHEESE, per lb., \$12.12
DRIED APPLES, per lb., \$6.00
EGGS, per doz., \$12.13
HONEY, per lb., \$17.00
HOPS, per lb., \$6.00
HAY, per ton, clover, \$7.00
timothy, \$11.00
MALT, per bu., \$9.00
ONIONS, per bu., \$3.25
POTATOES, per bu., \$3.45
POULTRY, Chickens, per lb., \$12.13
Geese, \$11.00
Turkeys, \$13.00
Ducks, per lb., \$13.00
PROVISIONS-Mess Pork, \$14.50
Family, \$12.00
Extra mess beef, \$7.50
Lard, \$7.00
Dressed hogs, \$6.00
Beef, \$5.25
Hams, \$11.00
Shoulders, \$10.00
Bacon, \$10.00
Tallow, per lb., \$3.00
HIDES-Green City per lb., \$5.00
Country, \$5.00
Green Calif., \$6.00
Cured, \$6.00
Salted, \$5.00
Sheep skins, wool, \$5.00 @ 1.00
LIVE STOCK.
CATTLE-Market weak, 1/2c off steers, \$3.45-20; stockers and feeders, \$2.35-20; cows, bulls and mixed, \$2.00-14; Texas steers, \$2.00-15; HOGS-Market steady, mixed, \$5.15-25; heavy, \$5.00-55; light, \$5.10-20; 50; skips, \$3.50-20. SHEEP-Market steady and strong; natives, \$4.00-15; western, \$3.00-13; Texas, \$3.50-25; lambs, \$5.50-25.

Posen's Calamity.
The Empress of Germany has gone to Posen to inquire into the condition of the sufferers by the floods. Dreadful accounts have been received from Posen. Two hundred and fifty villages are in ruins and 15,000 persons are without shelter.

The Boss Boowler Dead.
Jake Sharp, the great New York bowler, died on the 6th inst. It is now 21 months since Jacob Sharp's indictment for bribery was first mooted in New York. He was a street railroad man, 70 years old, who owned a line of stages running on Broadway, but who had been for 30 years trying his utmost to secure a tramway franchise in that leading thoroughfare of New York city.

Removed Resignation.
It is reported from Berlin that Bismarck will resign the chancellorship if the emperor approves the alliance between Prince Alexander of Saxe-Coburg and Prince's Victoria of Germany. Bismarck says that political considerations positively forbid the alliance as tending to an immediate disturbance of the relations between Germany and Russia.

The Twins.

BY BETH.

Gen and Jen, were "sweet sixteen," and as full of fun as two girls born in the country but reared in town could be.

Their father was a teacher and had given his daughters unusual advantages accruing from an education under his own efficient management. And now, after thirty years of teaching, he had settled down in the quiet town of Brookside, his native village, for a brief rest. His daughters had graduated with high honors and were very loth to leave the pleasant companionship of school life for the humdrum routine of a little country place. But their spirits were not dampened much.

"We'll have some fun anyhow," they promised themselves, "if we don't have the boys and girls to help us."

And this is what they did—
But I will digress a trifle and give a brief description of the lassies.

Jen and Gen Howell were two as sweet maidens as ever breathed the heated air of Pennsylvania school rooms, or inhaled, in healthy draughts, the life-giving atmosphere of old Vermont. Their full names were Jennie Bronson, and Gentian Bronson Howell, and very much alike were they in personal appearance, but most dissimilar in manner and disposition.

One could never discover the dainty modesty and bashfulness of the blue-eyed gentian in its namesake, dashing, beautiful Gen Howell. In fact she had such a gay and reassuring manner that her fond father often called her Gen in sport. Yet, though his eyes would dash with pride when gazing on this charming girl, his glance would linger longer on the sweet peach-bloom face of the more retiring Jennie, for in her he saw mirrored the winning and noble sacrificing spirit of his fair young wife, who slept beneath the daisied sod of the village cemetery.

Their faces were both most fair, their hair a lovely glinting gold, their eyes brown. Gen's merry and daring, Jen's clear and full of worship for her mischievous sister.

Gen's mouth was her sweetest feature, being full, red and ever rippling with laughter or song; but Jen's chin, white, firm and cleft with a dimple, fully matched the peerless lips of her twin.

And now let us see what these maidens did.
One morning Mr. Howell tossed a letter in Gen's lap.

"From Grace Linwood," she exclaimed, and rapidly perusing the pages she burst into loud peals of laughter. "Jen, where are you, dear, she cried?" and as her twin appeared, she exclaimed: "Oh, here's the best fun that ever was! You know Grace has a cousin Guy. Well, he had heard Grace talk so much about Gen Howell that he wants her picture. He's very fond of merry girls, yet wants them spirituelle and thoughtful too. Grace has never told him there are two of us, and says in order to please his fastidious taste we'd better get a composite photograph.

"As you're such a precious little saint, and I a terrific old mad-cap, combined we'll just strike his fancy. And how we will fool his majesty! What do you say, Jen?"

Of course Jen consented as she did to all her wily sister's plans. Next day saw the two girls on Pet's back, riding to the village four miles away. They had a merry time sitting for the negative and returned in high spirits.

A few days the photograph was mailed to Grace to be given to her cousin. And how delighted he was with the exquisite likeness. It seemed to embody every feature of his ideal—the golden hair crowning the regal yet modest head, the radiant eyes, frank, daring, yet lowered with bewitching shyness; the rosebud mouth, sweet, true and mirthful, with the white cleft chin.

Entraptured, he hastened to show the picture to a friend, who immediately proposed a visit to the charming original.

But it so happened that Guy had promised another visit, so could not go, and his friend Don Carrington decided to go alone.

One bright morning in August as Gen was strolling through the woods, she met a fine looking young man who tipped his hat most gracefully and held to her astonished gaze the composite photograph.

"O, is it you, Mr. Linwood?" she cried. "But then I might have known it was as you look exactly as I thought you would."

"Ah, she has taken me for Guy," thinks Don. "Well, as I am just what she expected, let it go. I'll not be responsible for consequences, however."

Gen invited him to her home, and, with much gsy bandiunge, retraced her

steps to the house. What was the young man's surprise, however, on approaching the dwelling, to discover a fair and gentle face at the gate the exact image of his companion's.

With quick wit, Gen introduced her better half to "Mr. Lindood."

"Ah, my ladies," exclaimed he, in an aside, "I see through this little game. Haven't studied photography all summer for nothing. Never mind, there'll be a general reckoning after a while."

Six weeks flew by. Don Carrington accompanied the sisters to all the country hops and picnics, finding in the laughing eyes of Gentian Howell the very wells of his heart's delight. There came a day when Don could no longer keep back the avowal trembling on his lips, and so, with many tender words, he wooed and won Gen's happy heart. But, feeling his treachery in passing under his friend's name, he disclosed his own deceit and introduced himself as Donald Carrington.

The deception was counted "a glorious old joke" by mischievous Gen, and for the first time in her life she decided to keep it a secret from Jennie. "Don," she said, "we'll have him come here and meet sister, and then won't there be a jubilee?" So Don telegraphed to Guy that "the original was too much for him, and he must come immediately." Guy immediately answered this curious summons by hurrying to, Brookside. On his arrival Jen was admitted to the double secret of her sister's betrothal and Don's deception.

It is hardly necessary to say that the real Guy was soon fascinated by the womanly beauty of Jen, and another year proclaimed the beautiful twins, Gen and Jen Howell, the adored wives of Don Carrington and Guy Linwood.

Their marriage was all the happier on account of the general misunderstanding, and as Guy says: "Any way, Don'd not cheat me out of Jen."

And it all happened because of a composite photograph!—*Yankee Blade.*

Bits From Beggardom.

Are there, then, we may be asked, no genuine beggars? And the answer is, not one. My old soldier was a humbug like the rest. His ragged boots were, in the stage phrase, properties; whole boots were given him again and again, and always gladly accepted; and the next day, there he was on the road as usual, with toes exposed. His boots were his method; they were the man's trade; without his boots he would have starved; he did not live by charity, but by appealing to a gross taste in the public, which loves the limelight on the actor's face, and the toes out of the beggar's boots. There is a true poverty which no one sees, a false and merely mimetic poverty, which usurps its place and dress, and lives, and above all drinks, on the fruits of usurpation. The true poverty does not go into the streets; the banker may rest assured, he has never put a penny in its hand. The self-respecting poor beg from each other; never from the rich. To live in the frock-coated ranks of life, to hear canting scenes of gratitude rehearsed for twopence, a man might suppose that giving was a thing gone out of fashion; yet it goes forward on a scale so great as to fill me with surprise. In the houses of the working class, all day long there will be a foot upon the stair; all day long there will be knocking at the doors; beggars come, beggars go, without stint, hardly with intermission, from morning till night; and meanwhile, in the same city and but a few streets off, the castles of the rich stand unsummoned. Get the tale of any honest tramp, you will find it was always the poor who helped him; get the truth from any workman who has met misfortune, it was always next door that he would go for help, or only with such exceptions as are said to prove a rule; look at the course of the mimetic beggar, it is through the poor quarters that he trails his passage, showing his bandages to every window, piercing even to the attics with his nasal song. Here is a remarkable state of things in our Christian commonwealths, that the poor only should be asked to give.—*Robert Louis Stevenson, in Scribner's Magazine.*

Milk as a Stimulant.

Milk heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated is hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of it being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising.—*Medical Record.*

A poet wants to know "where the fleecy clouds are woven." In the airloom, of course.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A LIVELY ADVENTURE.

Old Dunk's Two Hours' Dance With a Deer.

Bill Leonard, an old Adirondack guide, arrived in this city yesterday, says *The San Francisco Examiner*, on his way to Humboldt county, where he proposes to take up some land and go at the game of California.

"I understand," he said, "that hunting out here is considerable different from hunting in our eastern woods, and I want to tackle some of your big game. Back in our country the bears are pretty well cleaned out, and the few that are left are as small and as timid as sheep. Why, you can chase 'em ten miles with a club and drive 'em up a tree by pegging stones at 'em. I chased one all around a brer-patch one day, and didn't have any weapon but my hat. I'd throw my hat at him and yell, and I nearly died laughing to see him scuttle for dear life.

"There are some funny old characters among the Adirondack hunters. Old Duncan McDougal is one of them. He has some great yarns about his adventures, and I'll give you one of them to match some of your California stories.

"He went out alone on the mine pond floating one night. He was paddling silently around near the edge of the lily pads, casting the light of his jack among the bushes on the bank, when he saw the shining eyes of a deer. Softly dropping his paddle he raised his rifle, aimed at the two points of light, and fired, and something dropped. Dunk listened but heard no breaking of the brush, and concluded that he had killed the deer. He paddled ashore and went up the slope looking for his victim. A few yards up the hill he saw a big buck lying perfectly still. He put his rifle and jack on the ground, took out his knife, grasped the buck's horns, and began to cut his throat. At the first touch of the knife the buck sprang to his feet. He had been stunned by the bullet, which knocked off one horn only. Dunk's knife was knocked out of his hand by the suddenness of the movement, but he clung to the buck's remaining horn with a desperate grip, knowing that his only salvation was to keep so close to the infuriated buck that the animal could not strike him with his forefeet. A deer's front hoofs are dangerous weapons, and the animal can use them, with deadly effect.

"The buck plunged and reared and struck at Dunk, who clung to that horn and tried various schemes to disable the animal. There was no doubt that Dunk had got his venison, but he would have given a great deal to have been able to let it go. It was like getting a tail hold on a bear. They tumbled and rolled about, first one and then the other on top, and Dunk's clothing rapidly disappeared. His coat was soon in tatters, and then in fluttering ribbons, and, although the buck could not get in his best licks he managed to batter Dunk pretty severely. They rolled down hill and bumped against trees, and they raged up again, and sometimes Dunk's feet would not touch the ground for two minutes.

"After about two hours of such exercise both were pretty well winded, and as they lay on the ground panting for breath an idea struck Dunk. He thought he would bite the buck's eyes out. At the first attempt the buck scrambled to his feet and renewed the circus by slamming Dunk violently against a tree. It was all hands round for another hour or so, tumbling over fallen timber, rolling in the brush and against rocks, and tearing up an acre of ground. Dunk was getting terribly pummeled, but it was sure death to lose his grip.

"Once more they went to grass for breath, and Dunk tried to work another scheme. Stealthily he got some matches and lighted one, intending to burn out the buck's eyes or blind him. But the buck came to time with a bounce and led Dunk a devil of a dance through the woods. They kept this up until a gray light began to appear in the eastern sky. At last they fell, almost utterly worn out, and by great good luck the deer's remaining antler got caught under a root. Dunk managed to hold the antler under the root while he kicked off the remnants of his stout overalls. These he twisted around the buck's neck, and then he tied them to the root, making the buck a captive. He crawled back to the canoe, washed the blood out of his eyes, got a big drink from his bottle, and felt better. Picking up a billet of wood, he crawled back to the deer and knocked him on the head.

"Then he started for home. He got as far as the road, where he fell in a faint. Jim Sheridan found him there and carried him home, and Dunk wasn't able to get out of bed for about a month. Will Gordon and Hub Hamilton went up to the pond to bring in the dead buck. They couldn't find

the deer, but they did find Dunk's quart whisky-bottle, empty, on top of a ledge, and a lot of broken brush at the bottom, which looked as though something had tumbled into it from the top. Still I don't mean to say that Dunk didn't have that fight."

Give it Up.

A woman's quick wit makes her, when she has the confidence to act upon it, a valuable aid in an emergency. Some years ago, in the days when "road agents" abounded in Montana, a woman was traveling by coach to join her husband. One day a fellow-passenger said to her, "I have a thousand dollars in my pocket-book, and feel uneasy about the road agents. Would you mind concealing it in your dress, and returning it to me at the end of the journey? If the highwaymen do stop us, they are less likely to search you than me?"

She acceded to his request, hid the money in her dress, and the stage drove on without meeting a road agent till toward evening. Then the shout, "Throw up your hands!" was heard. The driver promptly pulled up, as four masked faces appeared in the road and covered him with their pistols.

Two of the highwaymen then rode to each side of the coach and ordered the passengers to give up their arms, which they did promptly.

"Now, shell out!" said the robbers. The passengers handed out their pocket-books; even the man who had called in the woman's aid gave up a few dollars.

He was congratulating himself upon his caution, when he heard the woman say in a quiet way:

"I have got a thousand dollars, but I suppose I must give them up."

Suiting the action to the word, she handed over the man's roll of greenbacks.

The robbers rode away, and then the man gave expression to his feelings by abusing the lady and accusing her of betraying her trust from sheer fright.

She smiled mysteriously. "You will see, sir, but I can't explain now."

At the end of the journey she asked him to stay all night at her house, and said that her husband would be glad to see him.

"Yes, ma'am, I will come to your house," he answered in the tone of an injured man; "it's the least you can do, ma'am, seeing that you have left me without a cent in the world."

At the lady's house he was treated as a distinguished guest, but neither host nor hostess offered him one word of explanation that night and he went to bed a sad, irritated man.

The next morning as he entered the dining-room, the host shook hands with him, and said:

"Here are your thousand dollars, sir, which my wife ventured to borrow in an emergency. She had twenty thousand dollars which she was bringing to me, concealed in her dress. She thought by giving up once the thousand dollars entrusted to her by you she would save herself from being searched by the robbers.

"Her quick wit saved me from a heavy loss, and I am much obliged to you for the use of the force loan."

Breakfast was a far more cheerful meal to the man than the supper of the night before.—*Exchange.*

Inquiring the Way.

"It does beat the deck," said a big policeman at the New York side of the Brooklyn Bridge to a Telegram reporter this morning, "how people living so long in Brooklyn, and going to and from this city, will come to us policemen to ask the way to the most prominent streets and buildings in the metropolis. People who want to cross the bridge will also come to us and ask the way to the bridge. If we men with uniforms were not stationed here they would find every place themselves. I find that Chinamen come along here and find their way at once without the slightest trouble.

"You will find that curious fact in any part of the city. You may ask any policeman and he will tell you the same thing. A Chinaman never asks his way. I don't think their countrymen have put any of their secret hieroglyphics on the corner posts, but they get there just the same."—*New York Telegram.*

The Artist Tells Her His Secret.

Lady—"I like your pictures so much, and I would dearly love to be an artist. Won't you tell me the secret how to do it?"

Artist—"Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right place."

"Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away."—*Texas Siftings.*

Two Kinds of Pneumonia.

There are two distinct forms of pneumonia. One of these always follows an attack of bronchitis (a cold in the lungs); in this the lung is inflamed in patches or lobules scattered over both lungs alike. This is the form that is so fatal in children and old people. It is termed catarrhal pneumonia. The other, that which attacks adults suddenly, often in the midst of apparent health, is called "roupous or lobar pneumonia," because one lobe only of one lung is usually attacked. The last named form is not caused by cold, although the first symptom is a severe chill with shivering, which would seem to show that chilling of the body had really caused the whole trouble. The catarrhal form always follows a catarrh of the bronchial tubes; it is never the first event in a chain of disease, but always secondary. This form is probably sometimes caused by exposure to cold—it certainly is if any catarrh is thus caused. Although there are many plausible reasons for thinking that cold never causes "a cold," there are some facts that seem to prove that a catarrh of the air passages may thus be caused. If one of the lower animals, a frog, for example, has a portion of its surface thoroughly chilled by the application of ice or a freezing mixture, it often happens that both lungs become intensely congested or overfilled with blood as a consequence. If this congestion be repeated two or three times, a genuine catarrhal pneumonia results. This sequence of events is too constant in occurrence to be considered a mere coincidence.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Hard and Soft Water in Cooking.

All cooks do not understand the different effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking meat and vegetables. Peas and beans cooked in hard water, containing lime or gypsum, will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. Many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth or soup, soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is the best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling when the juices should be retained hard water or soft water salted is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Alum Purifies Water.

Alum is said to have power to purify water, and even to deprive it of most of the bacteria that it sometimes contains. That muddy water can be cleared by alum has long been known; but it is a comparatively recent discovery that a very small quantity of alum, so small that it is not injurious to drink the water that contains it, will rid water of nearly all its bacteria. A Pennsylvania physician found that the water that was drawn by the people of a village where typhoid fever was epidemic was swarming with bacteria. Fifteen drops of it, when spread upon a suitable surface, were capable of forming 81,000 colonies of these microscopic vegetable germs. He added alum in the proportion of half a grain to a gallon, and found that not only were the earthy and vegetable matters precipitated, but that the colonies of bacteria were reduced from 8100 to eighty, and that these were of large size.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Lightning Courtesy.

A recent reception at the White House on Thursday night was almost at an end when a unique little entertainment was furnished those who stood behind the receiving line. A fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down six inches; the movement might be termed a lightning courtesy. The same action precisely was repeated a moment later, as Mrs. Cleveland shook hands with her. She remained chatting with the wife of the president. "How awfully country." What part of Idaho do you suppose she came from?" was the comment at my elbow on the "lightning courtesy." "That is the latest Bostonese professional beauty, and that trick bow is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note." The movement is a difficult one, and there will be much humor in town if the other amateur beauties determine to adopt it.—*Washington Critic.*

Their Way.

Adelgitha—I see you're reading that new novel that everybody's talking about. How is it?

Gladys—Perfectly splendid!

Adelgitha—What's it about?

Gladys—Oh, I don't know yet—I've only got a little way back from the end.—*Puck.*

Churches.

CHRISTIAN.—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

METHODIST.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 11:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH.—Services alternate afternoon and evening 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9 a. m. Rev. W. A. Benz, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

Societies.

THE W. C. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhees, President.

PLYMOUTH ROCK LODGE No. 47, F. & A. M.—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. C. Edd, Secretary.

GRANGE, No. 390.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, O. R. Pattengill, Master.

R. T. of T. Council, No. 27.—Meets first and third Tuesday of every month at W. C. T. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m. H. Burns, S. C., Mrs. H. C. Beal, Rec. Sec.

K. of L., LAFRAM ASSEMBLY, No. 5235.—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at K. of L. hall. C. G. Clark, Jr., R. S.

CONQUISH LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Jacob Strong, N. G.; F. B. Adams, Rec. Sec.

A. PELHAM,
Resident Dentist
PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Electric Vibrator for extracting teeth without pain. All work of the best and at prices to suit the times.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Pelham. Night calls will be answered at the office. 231f

J. F. BROWN,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office over Postoffice. 12-29 Plymouth, Mich.

Death of Rev. Mrs. J. M. Shank.

Mrs. Shank, wife of Rev. John M. Shank, pastor of the M. E. church, after a long and painful illness, died Wednesday afternoon, April 4. Tuesday evening it was seen that death was near. Her mother, sisters, brother and other friends were telegraphed for and arrived two hours before her death.

The funeral was from the M. E. church, Friday afternoon. The services conducted by the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. L. Hudson, of Detroit, assisted by Rev. J. F. Berry, of Detroit, Rev. John McIlwain, of Wayne, Rev. George W. Hudson, of Northville, Rev. Bird, of Salem, Rev. G. H. Wallace, of the Presbyterian church of Plymouth, Rev. Bradley, of South Lyon, and Rev. M. W. Gifford, of this place.

The choir very impressively sang "Nearer My God to Thee," "Rock of Ages" and "Prayer of the Wonderer."

The church was decorated with plants and flowers and the casket covered with many beautiful floral emblems.

The pall bearers were Messrs. W. O. Allen, W. J. Burrow, J. R. Rauch, J. H. Noyes, John L. Gale, C. E. Passage, H. C. Bennett, E. W. Chaffee, F. F. Bennett, George Hunter.

Among the many persons present at the funeral we noticed Mrs. Capt. John Craiz and daughter Katie, from Trenton, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Galpin, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Conklin, Mr. and Mrs. B. Geer, and many others from Superior, and Mr. and Mrs. Zacharias, of Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Shank was taken sick a few weeks after they arrived last September, and very few of the people here became acquainted with her, but those few who had that pleasure, speak of her as a lovable, intellectual, Christian lady, and during her long illness she never complained, or was in the least fretful, but was thankful for every little favor rendered by the many, who cheerfully did what they could.

Mr. Shank returned home with his friends to Williamston and will remain three weeks. We understand that his father and mother will remove to Plymouth, and he will board with them, an arrangement that will be very satisfactory to the church society here.

Cards of Thanks.

I desire to express my appreciation and sincere thanks for the many acts of kindness and tokens of sympathy from Plymouth people, received during the sickness and bereavement that have visited my home.

JOHN M. SHANK

The children of Mrs. Lydia A. Selleck, desire to express their sincere thanks to all the kind friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted them during their mother's illness and death; for the beautiful flowers furnished, to the gentlemen who assisted at the funeral services and the choir for the music.

MRS. LUTHER LEMON.
MRS. A. W. CHAFFEE.
W. M. SELLECK.

W. O. T. U.

Dr. Withrow, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Chicago, lately preached a stirring temperance sermon, from which the following is quoted:

"To-day there is an army of men and women counted as temperance fanatics. They are hot-headed, unreasonable, and obstinate as a high wind. But depend upon it, there are only a few who take in the tremendous significance of this gathering of temperance fanatics. I have never belonged to their advance guard. I have never voted with their political party. But more and more I study their movements, and hold myself in a friendly attitude toward their measures; and I know not how soon I may join them." SUPR. OF PRINCE.

Death of Mrs. Lydia A. Selleck.

The death of Mrs. Lydia A. Selleck which occurred at three p. m., April 3, removed from our midst another well-known and respected resident.

Mrs. Selleck was born November 21, 1826, in Ontario county, N. Y. Coming to Michigan in 1847, with her parents, who settled near Wayne. Ten years later she removed to this place. Mrs. Selleck was a devoted mother, a faithful friend and kind neighbor, to which many of our people can testify, who have received from her willing heart and hands, both care and sympathy in time of sickness and trouble. Her death was sudden and unexpected, having been ill but a few days and not considered dangerous. She leaves three children, besides a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. The children have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

The funeral services were held in the M. E. church, on Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock, Rev. George H. Wallace, officiating.

Plymouth Debating Society.

Owing to the stormy weather, only a few were out to the debate and so they adjourned until Tuesday evening, April 17, at 7:30 p. m. Everybody is invited to be present as this will be the 1st debate of the season. John Fuller and J. F. Brown will lead the sides, Mr. F. having the affirmative of the question, Resolved, That a protective tariff has added millions to the wealth of our country and has been a benefit to all classes, both rich and poor.

Resolutions by the C. L. S. C.

Resolved, "That whereas death has entered the home of our president, and taken from him his loved companion; and

WHEREAS, "The C. L. S. C. feels that it has lost a true friend whose worth of character it has learned to appreciate; be it

Resolved, That this society extend Rev. J. M. Shank its heart felt sympathy in his bereavement. Be it also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Rev. J. M. Shank, and also one be printed in the PLYMOUTH MAIL.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Belleville.

Jean Austin is on the measles list. Mrs. A. L. Nowlin was in town Monday. John Murphy, of Wayne, Sundayed here.

F. A. Dean is the new deputy town clerk.

A new veranda adds to the Hayner residence.

John Logan, of Sumpter, died Sunday evening.

Martha Babcock and son, of Wyandotte, are in town.

Charles Forbes is the new clerk, at Campbell's.

Ed. Dunn and wife, of Belden were in town Sunday.

John Mead now runs the dray. Henry Austin retired.

Emma Robbe is very ill from an attack of pneumonia.

Several of our boys will fallow it, in the near future.

Straw hats have made their appearance here. Get your gun.

Prof. Still, of Ypsilanti, conducted Episcopal services Sunday.

Mrs. Tillie Conant, nee Bradshaw, of Detroit is visiting here.

Judson Daines and wife, of Northville, were in town last week.

T. W. Moon has moved into the Osler residence, on Fourth street.

George and William Davis are spending this week here, with parents.

Mrs. O. E. Westfall spent Sunday at Tecumseh, visiting her mother.

George Fry, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Henry Fellg, Sunday.

A number of "kids" made things "hum" at Richard Hope's, Monday evening.

S. W. Westfall and wife have gone to Phelps, N. Y., where they will make their future home.

James Caul and Nellie Westfall, both of this place, were married Sunday by the Rev. D. J. Parker.

The last dance of the season took place at orange hall, Friday evening. Forty couples were present.

P. Y. Rodes has moved into the village and Chas. Freeman has moved on the Robe farm, which P. Y. vacated.

Died, Wednesday, April 4, David Boyce, aged sixty-four years. He had been a resident of this town for twenty years. He leaves a wife, two children and a host of friends, to mourn his loss.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Hams Luther Lotz." Thus write W. C. Hamrack & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at J. H. Boylan's drug store.

Nov.

Breezy. Clean your door yards.

The excursion caught a very few of our citizens Tuesday—too much rain.

C. M. Wight and wife returned from Florida, Wednesday, looking much better for the trip.

C. E. Goodell has leased the Webster property, and will remain here in the general mercantile business.

F. E. Quigley is off on a vacation, and Mr. Tasker, of East Saginaw, is officiating at the depot in his stead.

It is becoming more and more fashionable to get a supply of maple syrup and go to your best girl's house and sugar off. Correct.

L. W. Mosher, of Ovid, will undertake to run it this summer, at a portion of the A. N. Kimmis' farm, lately divided. Success to you, Levi.

Rev. Kellogg, of Linden this State, preached a temperance sermon at the M. E. church, last Sunday, which was a solid argument for prohibition.

Died, Monday forenoon, April 9, at her late residence, Novi, Miss. Milla Ann Kapler, aged seventy-two years. The deceased had been a cripple for many years and death came as a welcome relief. She was highly esteemed by her many acquaintances. The funeral occurred Tuesday, at three p. m., the services being conducted by Rev. Hazard, at the M. E. church.

WINDY CORNERS COMMON COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A death-like silence pervaded the council chamber Tuesday evening, as the president gazed upon the august assembly, and as he called the meeting to order, his countenance seemed to foretell that all was not as well as usual with his honor. He omitted his regular remarks on this occasion, and nodded to Clerk Tomcroy to call for the reports, etc. The clerk said he had had no experience in the management of such a meeting since he presided at the K. of L. meeting held here some two years ago, and he would "be goll darned" if he would ever get into another scrape of the kind. President Hammond explained, briefly that he had spent a few days in Detroit and had been in attendance at the council meetings there, and his ideas were so exalted that he thought best to not paralyze his own fellow men by using the methods he had learned at Detroit, but would fill the chair. He was led to a seat among the aldermen and Tomcroy went on with the meeting.

Aldermen Quigley, Crane, Bloomer, Coats, Sage and Rice were checked.

A resolution was read and adopted expressing the regret of the board that "Buckskin Joe" had shuffled his mortal coil at Grand Rapids last week. President Hammond objected. (Had seen how Ald. had done over at Detroit.)

The gentleman from the third, Mr. Coats, announced that he had arranged with the Farmington board of aldermen, for a stiff, old-fashioned game of ball, to occur next week Monday.

Alderman Grace had been excused to go bear hunting; but had been working his muscle pretty hard and would be in time for the game.

Tomcroy said the members should stick closer to running bases, as the best time made Wednesday was an hour and thirty-six minutes, once around.

At this point a lively stir took place among the aldermen, and people began to rush for the doors. Jim D. Vaux had his watch and liver pad stolen. President Hammond hurried to the chair and finally succeeded in restoring order, and said his life had been jeopardized by some one opposed to opening the alley near Rum street, by placing a dynamite bomb under his chair; upon an examination it was found to be a harmless package.

The committee on ways and means were instructed to hire a man to wheel out the cigar stubs and forsaken quids this week.

The committee on highways reported all cross-walks repaired, and that seventeen cents remained in their hands. It was ordered returned to the treasurer.

The aldermen all agreed to see that their wives should get up a spankin' good dinner to the ball players. Quigley kicked, at first, but was persuaded Alderman Sage and Rice volunteered to sing their duet, entitled "The song of the shirt," which was interrupted by rounds of applause from all parts of the chamber. The singers were so overcome that it was necessary to let them smell of the clerk's jug. The doxology was sung by the entire assembly and the meeting adjourned.

Tonquish.

Mr. Mathews has moved. S. Newton is looking for a job. Mrs. Herbert Bradford is seriously sick. Mrs. B. Bills is visiting her father this week.

Miss Mary Kelly has been visiting at E. Mathews.

A correspondent at the Soo says snow is four feet deep there.

S. A. Cady is rushing the season; he planted potatoes last week.

Ammon Warner entertained his brother Otis and sister Olive with their families last Saturday.

The next meeting of Wayne county, Pomona P. of H., will be held at Plymouth grange hall, Friday, April 20, at ten a. m. All members are invited.

Save the Cents,

And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to Commence Trading with

BASSETT & SON,

Main Street, PLYMOUTH,

THE FINEST STOCK, THE LARGEST CHOICE, THE TRUEST VALUE,

PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,

Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodes, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.

We also carry a Large Stock of

Moldings and Picture Frames, Mirrors, Brackets, Oleographs, and Oil Paintings.

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

And a Full Line of Burial Goods, which are Second to None. Prices Reasonable. We aim to be Prompt Considerate and Reliable.

Red Front Drug Store.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery and Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils and Brushes.

Choice Family Groceries! Field and Garden Seeds! School Books and Stationery! Tubs, Pails, Brooms, Etc.

Headquarters for

MICHIGAN AND MINNESOTA ROLLER FLOUR.

All goods of the Very Best Quality and sold at Bottom Prices. All goods delivered.

Plymouth, April 2, 1888.

JOHN L. GALE.

CALL ON

ANDERSON & GABLE,

If you want a

- Gasoline Stove. -

We also have in stock

Fence Wire of All Kinds, Glass, Nails and Putty.

: Decorative Paints for Household Use. : ALL SHADES!

White Lead.
Linseed Oil.
Varnishes.
Neal's Carriage Paints.
Floor Paints.
Liquid Paints.
Alabastine

Whiting.
Paint Brushes.
White Wash Brushes.
Colors in Oil.
Wood Stains.
Tube Colors and Brushes.
Putty.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

BOYLAN'S DRUG STORE.

New Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is directed to the following new and changed advertisements: M. Connor & Son, hardware. H. Dubnastreich & Co., general merchants.

Livonia.

There was a fish warden at Pike's Peak. They told him he had considerable cheek. Beautiful weather. John Suttiff is no better. Andrew Turnbull is sick. E. Bennett got stuck in the mud with his engine last Saturday. Paul Heim does not seem to gain much; he cannot do any work yet. R. S. Peck sowed his cats last week; he is ahead of all his neighbors. A. F. Millard's horse ran away on town meeting day and sprang both axles of his buggy.

Patrick Sullivan, of Detroit, has bought the Cole farm, one and a half mile north of the Centre, and has moved on to it. No man that runs for the legislature next fall need apply for votes in this town unless he will go for repealing the fish law.

John Wolfkast has given up drawing the milk west of the Center to Powers' factory, and has gone to work by the month. George Galbraith, who lost five children this last winter, has removed with his family to Stark, where he will find more comfortable quarters.

A great country this, when a man can't catch a mess of fish on his own farm, except with a hook. Why not pass a law that we shan't kill our own chickens?

H. S. Millard, deputy sheriff, of Detroit, was out to this town looking up witnesses on the Fisher and Manassa potato suit, which is called for trial, April 10.

One of the largest funerals ever held at the Centre, was that of Mrs. Stockfleets, last Sunday. There were fifty-three teams, came with the procession. She died of cancer of the breast, on Thursday, and had lived in this town for a long time, and was loved and respected by all her neighbors.

Wayne.

Charles Chambers is home on the sick list. Allice Temple is visiting with her aunt at Ypsilanti. Dr. Truscott has opened a new drug store in the Cheney block.

Lynnman Burr is the father of a boy baby, born on Tuesday morning. Mr. Gordon is home now, attending his wife who is sick with the mumps.

Rat Coy has purchased Ed Hall's place and Hall has moved to New Boston. Everybody that was slighted with measles and mumps are being served now.

John Roberson, of Brainerd, Minn., formerly of this place was in town last week. At the council meeting, on Tuesday evening, J. J. Downer was re-elected village marshal.

James McDermott is fixing up his old homestead on Foundry street and will move into it shortly. George Bird, living south of here, lost his wife on Saturday quite suddenly; with inflammation of the lungs.

James Woolsey, the barber, has added a new bath room to his establishment, where hot and cold baths can be taken at all hours.

Ed O'Connor has been fixing up his store in the O'Connor block and putting on a new tin roof. T. P. Gorham will occupy the store with a stock of groceries, soon.

On Saturday last, officer Downer arrested Chet Crane on a charge of being drunk and locked him in the cooler where he remained until Monday morning, when he was taken before Esq. Deming. He plead not guilty and was let off until Wednesday on his own recognizance.

Newburg.

Mrs. Nettie Palmer, of Ypsilanti, is visiting friends here. H. A. Radcliffe, of Detroit, paid a short visit here this week.

Uncle John P. Sasse is visiting relatives and friends at Ypsilanti, this week. William Latreal has given up his job in Detroit, and will work on his farm this coming summer.

T. C. Sherwood gave a very interesting lecture, last Sunday afternoon, on "Ether the beautiful queen."

Sabbath-school is now well organized in good running order. It is hoped to have a larger school than that of any previous year.

Fred Smith has traded a cow to A. H. Pickett for a buggy. Fred will now put on as much style as any of them.

Rev. J. M. Shank will take a vacation of three weeks. Rev. H. H. Rogd, of Hillsdale, will preach next Sunday at the usual hour; two o'clock.

Henry King has been quite sick at Bay City. His father M. King, who has been with him for some time, is home now and reports him some better.

The new officers of our lyceum are A. T. Smith, president; Mrs. M. Eva Smith, vice-president; Miss Nettie Tuttle, secretary; F. W. Smith, treasurer; H. A. Smith, sergeant at arms; Miss Jennie Crosby, chorist; Miss Irma St. Johns, organist. A program was carried out and a letter one is on for next Saturday evening. All invited.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Gem gallery closes Saturday, April 14; don't miss the chance.

Will H. Basset is putting up a carriage house for H. B. Bennett.

H. Dolmstreich & Co. have received a fresh supply of canned goods.

D. D. Allen lost one of his large grey horses by death Tuesday night.

Lawyer Brown was at Wayne, Wednesday, prosecuting a drunk, in behalf of the village.

Horace J. Smith stuck the stakes yesterday for a \$2,500 residence east of Mrs. Scotten's.

L. H. Bennett returned Wednesday evening from a three month's pleasure trip in California.

The body of C. Vanyleit was taken from the vault yesterday and placed in Riverside cemetery.

Farms should bear in mind that the cheese factory is prepared to accept all the milk brought them.

L. C. Hough is taking in a couple of car loads of potato s, paying eighty-five cents per bushel, we learn.

J. J. Fogarty started on Tuesday for Saginaw, where he will work the coming season for Charles Brems, selling iron harrows.

Miss Sarah Terry visited Mayville, Tuscola county Wednesday, to attend the marriage of Miss E. Johnson, formerly of this place.

M. Berdan sold seven of his road carts on Wednesday afternoon, and five the day before, and it wasn't much of a day for carts either.

Harry Bennett, of this place, has bought of Ira Wyckoff, of Hudson, a Hambletonian colt for \$1,500. The animal is a half brother of Don M. Dickinson's famous team.

C. F. Bennett, of Grand Rapids, is now conductor on a passenger train on the C. & W. M. railway, and P. H. Mosher, who left here last week, takes the place made vacant by "Doc" in the general office of the same company. Their many friends at this place rejoice with the boys at their good fortune.—South Lyon Picket.

A lady from the country in town the other day, who had been walking the streets for several hours, waiting for her husband, who was having a social time with the boys, at last coming tired and untying the horses sent word to him that he could have just one minute in which to go with her. He accepted the terms and went.

Late real estate transfers are, John Fulford to Titus Fulford, fifteen acres off south end of north-west quarter of section twenty-three, Romulus; \$700. Michael Doran to Timothy Lawler, land in section twelve, Redford; \$2,000. Nellie L. Peck to Johann Schroder, land in section seven, Livonia; \$7,900. S. C. Root to E. P. Kellogg, part of lots 4 and 5, block 4, Northville; \$325. Margaret Hillers to Mathias Burger, thirteen acres in section three, Dearborn; \$350.

Obituary.

We were sorry to announce in our last issue, the death of Mrs. J. M. Shank.

Though often expected, still she would rally, and the final issue seemed doubtful, but at last, on Wednesday, the 4th of April, a noon, that suffering life was quietly lost. Her parents had survived just a half hour before, and the fearful greeting was, "So earth's final farewell." It was soon known in the streets, and expressions of sympathy were everywhere heard for the bereaved pastor of the Methodist church.

The deceased had only recovered from a grievous illness when they first came here, last September, but in the excitement and exposure of removal, an additional cold had been taken, which soon placed her upon the bed permanently, only to leave it when carried forth to her last resting place. At times she was a great sufferer, but prayerful and hopeful, she awaited any disposal God might make of her life. But tenderly watching of husband and loving friends, could not restore. She was fitted for another world, and when all was ready, she left the old and ascended to the new.

Mary Ellen Thompson, was born of Scotch parents, in Chelsea, this State, on January 18, 1857. When about seven years of age the family removed to Danville, this State, which was also the home of Mr. Shank's parents. Here the two children first saw each other, went to school together, grew up together, and when manhood's and womanhood's years were attained, they joined hands and hearts, for better or for worse, for time and eternity, September 18, 1878. They had several small charges together, Lima, Dixboro and Trenton, where their labors were abundantly rewarded. From thence they came to Plymouth last September, were warmly received by their people, and began their work with high hopes, thankful hearts, and joyous expectations. But her work was done. She has ascended to her reward, while her husband alone, takes up the burden, and presses bravely on, like Job he will learn to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The funeral was on Friday, at two p. m., from the church. The preaching

elder, Rev. J. L. Hudson, preaching the sermon, from 1 John 3-4, while, on the platform assisting in the services were the Rev. J. Berry, Bid. Mellwaine, Hudson, G. Ford and Wallace, of the Presbyterian church. The choir consisting of George Hall, Calvin Hilmer, Mrs. William Taft and Mrs. M. Berdan, sang most sweetly several of the church songs. After the services the pall-bearers, Messrs. J. Noyes, F. Bennett, E. W. Chaffee, W. Burrows, W. Allen, J. Rauch, H. C. Bennett and C. Passage lifted to their shoulders the casket and carried it forth.

A beautiful wreath and cross of flowers was placed on the casket, the gift of kind friends. The body will remain in the vault for a few weeks, and then be removed to the home of her parents, and laid away in its last earthly resting place. G. H. W.

Mead's Mills.

G. P. Bolton has gone to Indiana, to attend the sale of stock and other personal property on the farm, which he recently purchased. Mr. B. intends taking one of his sons out there soon to look after things.

Will Arthur, who has been out of the State during the winter, returned to his father's last week, very much out of health.

There is a general clearing out of things in the foundry here, making ready for the occupancy of the new proprietor. Rumor says F. B. Bond has bought the iron lathe; can not say whether it will remain where it is or be taken to Northville.

Some of the farmers about here intend to patronize the new cheese factory this season. Should it prove success, it will be quite a little more convenient for farmers to go two or three miles instead of four or five.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sull, druggist, Big Rapids, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing; Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience is Electric Bitters. Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle and J. H. Boylan's drug store."

THE VALUE OF EXPERT TESTIMONY.

The exact amount of reliance to be placed upon the testimony of so-called medical experts in murder trials and other cases where questions of great importance are involved, has been the source of much discussion within the last few years and the cause of some feeling between doctors and lawyers. To see two physicians of reputation take the stand and swear directly contrary to each other regarding some one's alleged sanity or insanity, is certainly not calculated to impress the ordinary beholder with any very due respect for the knowledge displayed, and no wonder that a quick-witted man of law finds many an opportunity to make some cutting fling at the profession when so much yet remains empirical.

In the complications of modern life, however, with its many features demanding special study and examination, expert testimony is a necessity, and its true value is not affected by differences between doctors upon questions which are as yet but very imperfectly understood. The expert engineer, chemist, accountant and specialist of every kind must be looked to when any question demanding more than common knowledge or experience arises, and his word usually passes without cavil. The concurrent testimony of druggists, therefore, upon the virtues of a remedy whose good performances they witness daily, must be held as decisive. It is interesting to see what these gentlemen say of Athlophoros. A few of the testimonials follow. Kremers & Bangs, of Holland, Mich., says:

"Last March one of our customers had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which he is subject to. At one time he was so badly off that he could scarcely move without a most screaming pain. He tried several physicians, but they only gave him temporary relief. He next resorted to Athlophoros. After he had taken the first dose he felt relieved and continuing to take it he was able to walk after he had used two bottles."

J. B. and S. E. Mathews, of the City Drug Store, Gregory, Mich., say: "Mr. H. D. Grieve, who is well known in this town and vicinity, was troubled with lame knee for the last seven or eight years, but could find nothing that would relieve him until he used Athlophoros. He used one bottle and has not been troubled since, and that was about six months ago."

"There is probably no remedy before the public," says James A. Leasia, of Williamstown, Mich., "that meets with such general satisfaction and good results, particularly in rheumatism and neuralgia, as Athlophoros. To my knowledge many cases that failed to obtain relief from all other sources were completely cured by the use of Athlophoros. I have for some time observed its use and effects and must say there is nothing like it. I could give numerous certificates of cases of cure, but it seems superfluous, as a trial will be the proof and conviction."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but ordered once from us, as directed. ATHLOPHOROS Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Boylan, druggist. 63

SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired.

New parts furnished when required. J. H. STRICK.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—State of Michigan.

County of Washtenaw, ss. In the matter of the estate of Clark M. Sly, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned administrators of the estate of said Clark M. Sly, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Washtenaw, on the 21st day of May, A. D., 1887, there will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the dwelling house on the premises below described in the township of Canton, in the county of Wayne, in said State, on Tuesday the 1st day of May, A. D., 1888, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased), the following described Real Estate to-wit: Thirty-eight (38) acres of land off the west half of the west half of the north-west quarter of section number 8 (8) in the township of Canton, in the county of Wayne and State of Michigan. NATHAN T. SLY, ROBY P. SLY, Administrators.

Dated, March 9, 1888.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Lists stations like Detroit, Howell, Trowbridge, Lansing, Portland, Ionia, Greenville, Howard City, Ionia, Sheridan, Stanton, Edmore, Blanchard, Big Rapids with arrival and departure times.

CONNECTIONS.

Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R'y. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway. Chicago Junc. with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Stanton Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Saginaw & Canada R'y. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. J. B. MULLIKEN, Gen'l Manager, Detroit. W. A. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.

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Plaster for Clover and Potato

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Itch, Mange and Scratches of every kind on human animals cured in thirty minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by John L. Gale, druggist, Plymouth, Mich. 42

C. A. FRISBEE,

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Lumber, Lath, :

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A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed

Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal.

Prices as Low as the Market

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Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth

New - Blacksmith - Shop!

RED FRONT.

Known as the Bennett Stand. Am prepared to do

ALL KINDS OF BLACKSMITHING.



Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Should be pleased to see all my

PLYMOUTH. 8-15 GEO. WILLS.

GO TO H. WILLS,

FOR



And all kinds of Blacksmithing. Low Prices on

Wagon and Buggy Repairing.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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Come and See Me and Be Convinced. Shop op-

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TO MY OLD PATRONS!

And as many new ones as will give me a call I am

located at the

D. L. S. Elevator,

PLYMOUTH, - MICH.,

And prepared to pay the

Highest Market Price!

—FOR—

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE,

—And sell—

Salt, Lime, Buffalo Cement,

Portland Cement, Calced Plaster,

and Hair,

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES,

Also, Agent for

J. J. LANGDON'S CELEBRATED

BLACK DIAMOND COAL.

The Best Coal ever Brought to This Market, the

same as I sold last year. Give me a call and I will

to please you. B. POOLE.

WE STAND AT THE HEAD!

WITH OUR

LATEST SUCCESS

The NEW HOWE

SEWING MACHINE

is the

most

perfect

and

easy

running

sewing

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1-500-000 HOWE SEWING MACHINES IN ACTUAL USE

The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. Brown, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

Little by little the truth is coming out about the relations between Prince William of Prussia and his wife to the emperor and empress, as well as of the ugly state of feeling that exists towards Dr. Mackenzie and everything that is English. It appears that an American woman is playing a prominent part in this bitter quarrel that has involved a whole nation and that has become of absorbing interest to everybody. She is the wife of Count Walderssee, who has just been removed from the position of war-master-general, a post of great importance and influence, to the command of the German forces on the Rhine. This was one of the first acts of the new emperor and was instigated by the empress, who despises the wife of Count Walderssee. The Countess Walderssee is the daughter of the old Lee, who was in former years a banker in New York. In 1861, when she was 24 years old, she went to Paris and there entered into amorganatic marriage with Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who was over 70. He lived but six months and left her \$4,000,000, and the empress added his mite by making her the Princess Von Noer in her own right. In less than a year after the death of the prince she married Count Walderssee, who has since risen to be Von Molke's principal lieutenant. She was ambitious and brilliant, and has recently organized a salon in Berlin for the anti-English element. Prince William, Von Molke, Bismarck, and all the higher aristocratic and warlike people went with her. Then she became the leader of the social opposition to Victoria, now the empress, and a sort of rival of hers. She fostered the dislike of Victoria, and led the crusade against Dr. Mackenzie when he went to Berlin.

Gen. John Newton, who blew up Hell Gate, and who is now commissioner of public works in New York city, has just been elected president of the Panama railroad company, which is now owned by the Panama canal company. There is also to be a new board of directors. This radical change has been brought about through the influence of De Lesseps, who thinks the old officers of the railroad were not sufficiently active in behalf of the canal. Gen. Newton is one of the best engineers of the age, is a man of wide influence, and it is thought he can be of great service in making the Panama canal more popular with Americans. This new move does not indicate that De Lesseps and his associates are in such desperate straits as represented. Gen. Newton would hardly take this step unless he believed in the completion of the enterprise. In the meantime it has been reported from Paris that shares of the company had advanced 2 1/2 francs under the prospect that the new lottery loan would be favored by the chamber of deputies.

American workmen who have to compete with the pauper labor of other countries can sympathize with the condition of the French artisan, who is compelled to compete with poor, cheap Italian labor. It is said that 250,000 of these Italians are working in France, and owing to their low social scale can work for wages 50 per cent lower than what the French workman gets. In the city of Lyons 50,000 of these foreigners compete with home labor in both skilled and unskilled service. Twelve hours is not uncommon for a day's work, though the native workmen are agitating against long hours, and threaten a boycott of the Italians.

All River, Mass., points proudly to the fact that Perry Davis, "the pain killer," was a carpenter in that city forty years ago or more. When he found his panacea for all ills he left his bench and took to peddling medicine in a basket. His neighbors told him he was foolish to desert his trade in such a manner, but Davis never doubted his ability to make a fortune with his "pain killer." He went to Providence, R. I., and became proprietor of what was afterward the largest patent medicine establishment in the world. He died some years ago, leaving a large estate to his heirs.

The Beautyville (Ky.) Enterprise says that there is so little learning in the mountainous districts of Kentucky because the people can get along just as well without an education. Doctors, lawyers, clergymen, school teachers and business men can prosper in their several callings with only the faintest smattering of book learning. Indeed, a good education would in many cases stand in the way of their success, because it would put them out of touch with the people who rely mainly on the Lord and their own horse sense for guidance in the affairs of life.

It is rumored that President Cleveland has privately announced his intention to re-venue both houses of congress in extra session for consideration of the tariff in case congress adjourns without passing a bill for revenue reform.

A Mild Mistake.

VAN NAX.

MEL: You need not come again; the prospect of a squalling child is not a pleasing pastime to me; hence I desire to cancel our engagement. Back.

This was the curt note of dismissal that Miss Becky Jane Lovejoy dashed off to send to Mrs. Mel Bunker, whose services two days each week had been required at the Lovejoy homestead in the capacity of laundry worker; but the young widow's one year old baby had suddenly grown into disfavor with Miss Becky, and she, having found help less encumbered, sought this medium of correspondence to free herself from the little one's noise and worry.

Now it happened that Miss Becky had a sweetheart summering in the vicinity, whose unabridged name was Melvyn Mitchell Jolly; but whose abridged familiar cognomen was Mel. After folding and pushing aside the note to Mel, the worker in sunds, she wrote a page to Mel, the wooer, in which she let her ardent soul of sentiment sweeten with a tenderness only maiden know. She told him how dark the sun appeared when he wasn't there to contribute to its lustre; how insignificant seemed the stars in their fields of space when he was away; and how commonplace the country at Jargo looked when her lover was not standing in the range of natural vision. But how grand was nature in all her moods when Mel was there! His jolly good humor oiled the cog-wheels of care and swept the dust from day dreams where he was the hero, the light and charm of her existence.

For four-and-twenty summers she had watched the summer boarders come and go; but the fortress of her affections had never been stormed and taken 'til Mel, the mild-eyed man, stood by her side one night with the full moon staring him in the face, and talked in a sad, low tone, sweeter than any she ever had before listened to; and when next day she walked as one in a dream, and her mother chided her for letting the potatoes scorch, and leaving the cream jar open for the cat to lap at will, she ventured no reply, but in silence peered through the golden dawn to that brighter world with Melvin.

"Well, this is ahead of anything I ever did know," said Mrs. Bunker, as she read for the fourteenth time the leaf that Becky had so carefully written for her lover; this does beat all, I don't know no man by the name of Beck, and if I did, what right has he got to talk so to me? He ain't a bit like Bunker. Bunker never was that lovin'. Oh, lordy; I don't know what to do. I don't know whether to say yes or no; but he talks jest like I had said yes," and here the widow read the note again. Then she went and picked up the baby from the floor and kissed it, walked to the glass, looked at the reflection of her face and smiled; then walked to the door and looked up and down the road, as if half expecting the ardent lover to make his appearance; then sat down and read the letter again.

"If Bunker was only here to—, no I don't wish that, because if he were here I wouldn't have got this letter, 'cause I wouldn't be a widow. He must be a mighty nice man, and so lovin'." I don't know what to do, but do wish he'd come," and the widow with heart filled with a new fresh love that was fast blotting out the old, sat by the window 'til the hours had gone far into the night, happier than she had been since that other night in a past now fled forever.

Bless the hand whose error helps us to draw the silken velvet of love over the thorns of care, if only for one brief night. It gives us a glimpse of heaven to cheer us with its memory when the after darkness comes.

But while Miss Becky and Widow Bunker were each reveling in realms of bliss, a wild-eyed man was storming back and forth across his room, pausing now and then to glance at an open note, then pinching himself to see whether he was awake or dreaming.

"And this is the angel for whom I've kept a single heart all these years; the one girl, I thought, into whose brain no dark thoughts could ever creep, whose soul was pure as the dew of dawn, and whose heart was too queenly for coquetry, whose very life was love. The prospect of a squalling child—that's what I call getting out the prospectus before the title page is written. Who does fancy a squalling child? I'm sure I don't; neither do I fancy my betrothed, only twenty-four hours engaged, reminding me of such possibilities. I'm a fool for falling in love with such a green thing, and if I get forgiveness for this it will be late in the season before I court another girl. I've drank my last cup of

skimmed milk, and picked my last chicken wing in this beast of a place; I'm for town before some other girl throws bayseed in my eyes. I've eaten so much green corn here that my beard is beginning to feel silky and my voice to grow husky; there'll be corns on my toes in another week. It was her modest manners that captivated me. I thought her incapable of lifting the veil of futurity in the vulgar way she has to-night. I thought her the embodiment of all that is beautiful and good. As such I loved her, and for twenty-four hours have been swimming in a sea of bliss, blind in my own delusion. I'll just acknowledge the receipt of this 'note,' get my baggage in shape, pay my board bill, receive my landlady's blessing and then study the philosophy of life from a seat in the smoking car. To-morrow morning I'll breakfast where the game of crowd and push will help me to forget the few days I've been a fool."

But Melvin Jolly didn't forget, nor could business crowd from his heart the idol that he repeatedly told himself was unworthy of his affection. He reproached himself for giving the girl a second thought; then mentally wondered if she was thinking of him, and whether they would ever meet again; then censured himself for leaving before seeing her and bidding her a formal farewell. The fellow never dreamed there had been any mistake; to him it was a serious reality, and he was the victim of misplaced love.

But while Mr. Jolly was the saddest man in town, and wrestling with the sorrow hid away in his heart, two fairy castles were falling from the clouds. On that very morning Mrs. Bunker and the baby had reported ready for duty at the door of the Lovejoys, and Miss Becky demanded the reason of this presumptuous movement after the written notice she had sent. Then followed denial and affirmations which were about to terminate in language too coarse for refined ears, when the widow, to prove her assertion that she had received no notice to quit, boldly drew forth her love epistle and spread it before Miss Becky's eyes to find, if she could, one word in that about not wanting her services, and declaring by all the good saints in heaven that it was the only scrap of writin' she'd done since Jimmy was born. Becky didn't faint, but very hurriedly undeciphered the mind of poor Mrs. Bunker as to the authorship of the letter, then caught her horse, saddled it and flew away in search of Melvin Jolly; for she was not long in realizing the mischief done.

After learning at his boarding house that he had left for the city the night before, she returned home and informed her mother that she was going to the city and would return just as soon as the grievous error she had committed was corrected. That evening, as Mr. Jolly was preparing to leave his place of business, he was startled at hearing his name spoken by a lady, and looking up beheld the very girl he had run away from the night before.

"Mr. Jolly," said she, "you received a note from me last evening; that note was intended for our washwoman, whose services we had concluded to dispense with. Can you forgive me?"

It was a trying position for Mel, who was naturally a modest man, for on one side stood one of his associate clerks, and on the other his employer, a stern and often gruff man, practical in the extreme, and who dislikes pretence in any form.

"What does this young lady say, Melvin?" and then the explanation had to come. Becky told her simply story of how she had written two notes, one dismissing her washwoman because of her troublesome child; and the other to Mr. Jolly; that in inclosing them, through her absent mindedness, each went to the wrong party.

"And you came a hundred miles, miss, to correct this mistake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Melvin, do you love this lady?"

"I think a great deal of her, sir."

"And well you should, there is no necessity of my inquiring whether or not she thinks a great deal of you; any girl who will ride a hundred miles to explain a mistake to save the loss of her lover, is the kind of girl to tie to. And that is what brought you home in a huff before your vacation expired? Now, sir, show your gratitude and appreciation of this young lady by taking her under your protection, and whenever she gets ready to return home, accompany her; and miss I hope you, as Mrs. Jolly, will exhibit the same cleverness in weeding out the mistakes of married life that you have in single."

It is needless to dwell upon the after part; they are Mr. and Mrs. Jolly, and the tender care she shows her pretty children, contradicts the false character she unwittingly assumed in the opening of this story.

But the Widow Bunker never entirely forgave Beck. She always contend-

ed that it was in some way her fault that she didn't marry that time; the illusion was too sweet to destroy and she clings to an ideal man who was a sight more lovin' than Bunker.—*Yankee Blade.*

The Women of Louisiana.

When Judge Gayarre lectures the audience is always made up of choice spirits of the city from both sexes. The large company at Tulane hall last night to hear him speak of the women of Louisiana was no exception to the rule. The ladies were naturally in the majority, and it is rare indeed that any assemblage shows such refined and spirituelle beauty, such manly intelligence and ingenuousness. The eminent lecturer opened his subject with a gallant general compliment to the sex, which had ever been left to its own instincts borne its part toward the advancement of the progressive destinies of the race. The whole history of Louisiana showed her women bearing their part in all times and fortunes. During all the appalling dangers and distresses of swamp and flood of insect, reptile, beast and savage man which met the first French colonists, the women, many of them of gentle blood and breeding, the sisters, wives and daughters of immigrating younger sons of noble and historic French families, had shared the burden of labor and hardship, rising to the standard of Roman matrons who "stayed at home, wove wool and lived chaste." Such was the standard of domestic virtue and elevation among these mothers of Louisiana that after the first seventy years of French dominion, though the colony had still progressed very little in the luxuries and elegances of life, the Spanish officials of the ceded territory, here only for the term of their offices, found in these women the qualities for wives to grasp the most cultured society of Europe. Many of the Creole ladies of that day had shown such intuitive adaptability for the new stations to which their foreign husbands removed them, such native grace and wit, as had charmed the exclusive circles of Europe and been the remark of all. Particularly had this been exemplified in one who had become vice queen of Mexico.

The thirty-three years accompanying the Spanish dominion had seen great advances in the style of living and corresponding enhancement in the charms of Louisiana women. Claiborne, the first American governor, found his first and second wife in native Louisiana, General Wilkinson, commander of the United States army, also married a Creole.

The lecturer quoted Claiborne's letter of praise of the Creole character to the secretary of state and passing on to the war of 1812 drew a picture of the courage of the ladies of New Orleans when the city was threatened by a British army whose motto was "no quarter," and the magnanimity with which they had bound up the wounds of prisoners from that beaten army even as those of their own brethren. He quoted Andrew Jackson's letter to the mayor in praise of those noble women, and again, later in 1846, when Zachary Taylor's army was threatened in Mexico, found their spirit inspiring their sons and brothers in that spontaneous movement to assistance which elicited the thanks of the American congress.

The speaker dwelt in glowing terms upon the spirit and devotion of the women of Louisiana during the great civil war, but passed on to find their greatest triumphs of feminine heroism in the courage, patience and silence with which they had met the new conditions of poverty, labor and humiliation.

He regretted that time forbade him to dwell upon the achievements of Louisiana women in literature, their embellishments of art, their occupation in all the departments of utility as well as of beauty, and concluded with the anticipation of continued enlargement to the sphere of female work.—*New Orleans Daily States.*

A Corpse Asks Questions.

In the town of Puerto Rico, Mexico, last week a prominent citizen died and was duly prepared for burial by being dressed in his best suit and placed in a coffin with candles at his head and feet. The friends of the deceased gathered to condole with his widow and pray for the soul of the departed. A table liberally supplied with eatables and drinkables was visited quite, freely by the assembled mourners, and the noise which they made in their lamentations was so great that the corpse rose up in his coffin and wanted to know what the row was all about. The mourners shrieked and fled, and even the wife deserted, the house and could not be induced to return until the next day, when she was assured that her husband was not dead, but had only been in a trance.—*El Paso Herald.*

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Items of News Picked Up Around the Capitol.

Matters Before Congress.

The National Woman's Suffrage Association has adopted a resolution looking toward a union with the American Women's Suffrage Association. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was re-elected president, Mrs. Susan B. Anthony vice-president, Miss Rachael C. Foster corresponding secretary, Mrs. Jane H. Spafford treasurer, and Mrs. Eliza Wilbur and Miss Julia Wilbur auditors.

The supreme court has denied application for a re-hearing of the "driven well" case.

The house is in dead-lock over the direct tax bill.

The house has passed a bill restoring to the service Lieut. Jouett, a son of Admiral Jouett.

It is rumored that President Cleveland has a dark horse ready for chief justice.

Senator Palmer's bill to test and try the science of spelling and to provide for the establishment of 100 schools for this purpose appropriates \$50,000 for the establishment of a school in Chicago, to be under the charge and direction of Charles A. Story, he to give bond in the sum of \$100,000 for its proper expenditure and to retain \$5,000 out of the amount as his salary. It also provides \$50,000 for the establishment of another school in Washington, the same bond to be given and the same salary of \$5,000 allowed to Story. It also appropriates in the same manner for ninety-eight other similar schools, 100 in all, and names the cities in which they are to be located. The preamble recites that as congress voted money to Prof. Morse to demonstrate the use of electric telegraphy, it should vote money for this purpose.

Cutcheon's bill extending the provisions of the law providing for the muster and pay of certain officers and enlisted men has passed the house.

The bill for the purchase of United States bonds has passed the senate.

The house bill to pension Thomas H. Aulis of Michigan has passed the senate.

The United States attorney for the northern district of Texas has informed the secretary of the interior that Jesse Lee Hall, ex-governor of the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita Indians in the Indian Territory, has been indicted by the grand jury sitting at Graham, Texas, upon the charge of embezzling \$14,000 belonging to the United States. Hall was appointed agent in July, 1885.

Nat McKay has been trying for 26 years to secure from the government an amount alleged to be due for monitors he and his brother built during the war. He succeeded a few days ago in getting through congress a bill referring the matter to the court of claims. The president has vetoed the bill, on the ground that the claims had been fully paid. This is the first veto this session.

The President has signed the bill granting a pension of \$2,000 a year to Mrs. John A. Logan, and the bill to increase the pension of Mrs. Appoline Blair.

The senate has passed a bill giving a pension of \$25 a month to Dr. Mary E. Walker as a "late assistant surgeon United States army."

Senator Daniels has introduced a bill to permit ex-confederates to enter the United States army.

Information has been received at the treasury department that several German ex-convicts are on their way to this country. Steps have been taken to prevent their landing.

Senator Daniels has introduced a bill to repeal that section of revised statutes which provide that "no person who has served in any capacity in the military, naval or civil service of the so-called confederate states, or either of the states in insurrection during the late rebellion shall be appointed to any position in the army of the United States."

Gen. George Crook has been nominated to succeed Gen. Terry.

The house committee on manufactures is engaged in an investigation of the Standard oil trust.

The nation's circulating medium was decreased \$3,167,514 during March.

The postoffice appropriation bill has been completed. The amount decided upon is \$133,240, being about \$90,000 less than Postmaster General Dickinson's estimate. According to the provisions of the bill third-class offices will be provided light and fuel.

Congressman Tarsney has submitted to the commissioner of internal revenue the brief of the Michigan bankers in their protest against the payment of the tax on Canadian currency. The brief is very elaborate, and was prepared by Judge John Moore of Saginaw.

The citizens of Constantine, Mich., through Representative Burrows, ask congress to protect the Yellowstone national park.

A bill, general in its character, forfeiting all lands opposite railroad lines not completed within the time specified by law, has been agreed to by the house committee on Pacific roads.

Pope Leo has sent a letter to President Cleveland thanking him for the present of a copy of the constitution of the United States, sent by Mr. Cleveland to the pontiff on the occasion of the latter's sacerdotal jubilee last January. The communication was handed the president by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, who made a special call at the white house for that purpose.

Petitions in behalf of government control of the telegraph, are pouring in by the hundreds.

"THE ANGELS OF THE GRASS."

DR. TALMAGE'S EASTER MORNING DISCOURSE.

Easter Churches First Did Christ Embrace.

The Lily the Queen of Bible Flowers.

The Rose May Have a Wider Empire, But the Lily Reigned in the Time of Esther, in the Time of Solomon, in the Time of Christ.

The immense audience room is not large enough to contain the people on ordinary occasions; it must be left to the imagination to suggest the throngs, both inside and outside the church, on this great festival day.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Luke 12: 28: "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you." He said:

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it; but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long-continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose flushed into its present beauty. In the Bible rain, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ.

Cæsar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. "The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the House of the Interpreter, and was shown a garden of flowers, and was told to 'consider the lilies.'"

We may study or reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physics, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when He says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inscribe their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their pose. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the Eastern and of the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the field, the Japan lily, the lady Washington of the Sierra, the Greater Band lily, the Giant lily of Nagasaki, the Turkey Cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and this Easter day, garlanded with all this opulence of floral beauty, seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the lilies, consider the geraniums, consider the lilies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders. With differential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism, or soporific vapors, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them."

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say, O ye angels of the grass, to this worshipful multitude?

This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for reasons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us to-day, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well-sweep with which to draw water; but God makes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has apparelled us with more than Solomon's regality. We are prophesies of adequate wardrobe. If God so clothes us, the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Men and women of worldly anxieties, take the message home of you! How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life! half the journey of life! three quarters the journey of life! Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—five hundred pigtales' tongues—but He has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will He not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing-desk for inspiration. Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Plotkin, a fugitive, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangelists of the sky.

If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange-blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticize and pronounce it an impatience, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun advances all for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondence, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been a man an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half-blown rose, light-lilac, fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will

be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower; and suddenly it is transfigured and there is a stir in the dust of the altar, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice proclaims: "I will for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ab, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Above all do not both get mad at once! Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calyx lilies.

III. If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I answer they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery.

What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone leaning, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullen stalks, and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards of Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand, we want Old Mortality to have some flower-seed in the palm of the other hand.

Oh, you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them, think you are mistaken. There are not so many flowers, and rail trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted 'golden rod' and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligence to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild-flowers of the woods and the tablelands, will they not make excursions and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?"

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—anyone could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water-lily—nothing rarely expensive or insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths, and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by Gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China aster.

It was left to modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral Gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain.

If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-banded caskets or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or Potter's Field, with radiant and aromatic arbutus. The Bible says, in the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre. I wish that every sepulchre might be in the midst of a garden.

IV. If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I answer for religious symbolism. Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum. It is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "A man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the Apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers of this Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning, and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding, for the blood they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits.

Oh, sweet flowers, ye almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink, they are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyrs rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslips must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—so the flower.

Change and decay on all things come, and the flowers are no exception.

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen the rose, when he said: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Reluctant like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding veil, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead.

Oh Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one great bed of immortal beauty, laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. All the flowers of to-day spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn.

The two white-robed angels that buried the stone away from the door of the tomb, buried it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and millions of the stark and dead shall come to life.

resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the lair of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come life.

Oh, how long it seems for some of you. Waiting—waiting for the resurrection. How long! how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of Easter lilies. Last night we had come in the mails a beautiful Easter-card, on the top of it a representation of that exquisite flower called the "trumpet creeper," and under it the inscription: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the Cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on.

But I have to tell you, what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, the clock of the world's dignity strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering. He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts his lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast. Look! Look! They rise! The dead! The dead! Some coming forth from the family vault. Some from the city cemetery. Some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are asserting their bodies and then rejoining themselves in forms now radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the hour of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow! Battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of this church with all the festal flowers of chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1888 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

Secrecy.

A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close, for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

A French philosopher says: A man is more faithful to the secrets of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another.

The explanation given for woman's proneness to let the cat out of the bag is that she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

Secrets are poor property, anyhow. If you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the interest on the investment.

It is said that a man who eats onions will always keep a secret. This is probably due to the fact that the man who eats onions is rarely allowed to get within whispering distance of his fellow man.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came down town this morning; going to send it up to the house."

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"You bet she will. I've fixed all that."

"How?"

"I have addressed it to myself and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Heavy Bag.

The money with which the soldiers at Fort Lincoln are paid comes to Mandan by express, several thousand dollars come at a time, and as most of it is gold and silver it is packed in strong canvas bags containing a number of thousands of dollars each. The members of the guards which comes to escort the money to the fort put on lots of style. They all wear white gloves, and have their guns polished to the last degree. On one occasion the money was carried into the express office and placed on the table with three guards standing erect and stiff in front of it. After the papers were signed and the bags were ready to be put in the wagon the officer in charge told the sergeant to take a bag out, pointing to one containing \$3,000 in silver. The sergeant in due course pointed to the bag and told a guard to take it out. The guard walked up to it and took hold daintily with his thumb and finger. As the bag weighed about 175 pounds, it did not come up that way, whereupon the fingers of both white-gloved hands were brought into use. "Again it did not move. The guard then put down his musket, and after much difficulty shouldered the money and staggered out with it, while the lookers on cheered loudly."—*Mandan (Dakota) Pioneer.*

POLYGAMY AGGRESSIVE.

It Flourishes Readily in the Stony Fields of Ignorance.

Anyone who thinks that Mormonism has any idea of dying is mistaken. It is not in its decadence, but is scattering seeds which are germinating in other parts of the world than Utah. It is well known that the propagating power of plants is in inverse ratio to their usefulness. We can start a gypsum weed or a dog-fennel patch where the cereals will not grow at all except under the most favorable conditions and careful cultivation. So polygamy flourishes readily in stony fields of ignorance when monogamy requires the culture of law and gospel.

Polygamy has already got one nation by the ears in Scandinavia. It is said that the "burning question" up there just now is whether a man shall have as many wives as he pleases with the sanction of the law or be confined to one. The country is on the verge of civil war on this question and the people are divided into two hostile parties. The liberals are in favor of legalizing polygamy. They have an able leader in a prominent divine. He has the masses with him, and the country is flooded with literature on the subject of the most realistic character. The peasant women have declared most emphatically for polygamy. The king and the aristocracy, with the conservatives, are fighting polygamy. It is the great question of the day now there and monopolizes public attention, for it threatens to produce a revolution. It is said that the probabilities are that the liberals will triumph and establish polygamy by law. These people are mainly Protestants, have schools, and read. They sustain their position by the Old Testament and arguments based on morals, political economy, statistics, and history. There is a surplus of females. The country needs population. There are not enough husbands to go round. They invoke religion and morality to sanction legal plural marriages rather than to sustain immorality and illegal cohabitation consequent upon a great disproportion of sexes. Just what is going on in Scandinavia to-day will be repeated in Utah if that territory is admitted as a state. Utah has sown the evil seed that is troubling Scandinavia to-day and may trouble other countries.

There are many people who are really in favor of polygamy who are ashamed to say so because of public sentiment in their locality. More actually practice it than are known. Frequently instances become public, as one recently in New York, where seven legally married wives claimed one husband, who was never suspected of polygamy until he died. It is not very difficult to convince an ignorant man tired of one wife that he has as good a right to two as any of the patriarchs. He is not able to follow the argument that has made monogamy general in Christian lands, and he does not care if Jacob and Esau consulted convenience and comfort only. The road is easy from right to duty, and not a hard one to travel when religion points the way and passion says "walk ye therein." In an ignorant community, where there is a great excess of females and superstition or religion—sometimes interchangeable terms—a trained Mormon preacher can silence the ablest debater against him. He will not need to refer to the Mormon bible or the gold plates that Joe Smith found. He will read the biography of Solomon. With a smattering of science he will convince his hearers that there was a time when there were no marriages—when human beings ran together like monkeys and the strongest male had the most wives. Because polygamy was once general he will argue that it is always right. Or he will show that the whole question is one of economics and convenience, and to be governed by the environment, and that polyandry, long—and now—established at Thibet, serves a useful purpose by keeping down the population. Where all of seven brothers there have the same wife the family expenses are kept down, as they should be in a poor and barren country. The lectures of a Mormon apostle are often reinforced by social philosophers who assert that idiots, imbeciles, and lunatics should be prevented by law. So that a shrewd and well-equipped Mormon elder has helpers where least expected, for if it is admitted that law should control marriages it follows that it ought to prevent diseased people from increasing imbeciles to be a public charge.

The end of the Mormon problem is not yet. Unless polygamy is more rigorously and sternly dealt with than it has ever yet been its advocates and its dangers must be greatly increased.—*Chicago Times.*

We Pay for our Laughs.

The Toledo Blade is probably worth at least \$500,000 and Nasby has made

\$1,500,000 by tickling the sides of humanity. The world always pays more for the comic than for the serious, and the minstrel show gets the dollars, while the pennies go into the contribution box to pay for the parson's sermon. Nasby had been working for a few dollars a week a short time before he began his humorous letters, and Josh Billings sold his first venture, the "Essay on the Mule," for \$1.50. Tom Nast received for years \$10,000 for the comic part of his nature as it came out through the end of his pencil, and Artemus Ward, while working for \$12 a week on the Cleveland Plain Dealer, discovered that he had the gift of humor, and not long after we find him in England writing articles for Punch, each of which paid him \$600. The fun and the pathos which sometimes creeps into Brete Harto's work has given him his literary success, and Sunset-Cox once told me that his "Why We Laugh" was one of the best paying of the shorter works he had written, and that it still continues to sell.—*New York World.*

The Secret of the House.

On the Palisades, back of Hoboken, stands a queer looking building, in the center of a big hollow, just off a street, and not more than 300 feet from the bluff. Everything about the place is mysterious looking, and a superstitious stranger would at once feel convinced that it was a haunted house, the scene of some dark and bloody crime.

People are seen at times going in and coming out of the house, and years ago this fact and the general air of secrecy gave rise to rumors of a band of robbers, etc. Then it was whispered that whiskey was being distilled there, the proprietors neglecting the formality of paying tribute to the government.

Indeed so strong did this impression become that the revenue officials began to watch the place. Finally they made a raid, but their search proved fruitless, for nary a drop of liquor could they find, nor hide nor hair of anything bearing the remotest resemblance to a still.

But they found who the people in the mysterious house were and what they did for a living. The oldest in the party was a Frenchman, and he had discovered a method of growing mushrooms. It was to his interest to preserve his secret; hence the loneliness of the house and the mysterious movements of its occupants.

To this day, winter and summer, mushrooms are grown there and find their way to the tables of hotels all over the country.—*New York Telegram.*

A Fortune in Her Old Stockings.

The "long stocking" of French peasants is proverbial. Sometimes there are several long stockings, as well as wooden shoes, in which banknotes and bullion are piled promiscuously. This was the case the other day at a town called Gisseycous-Flavigny, in Burgundy, where an old countrywoman, who had long been known for her penurious habits, died. She had inhabited a veritable pigsty, and her emaciated body was found on a heap of rags and rubbish. In her cotton stockings and sabots were found notes and gold amounting to almost £2,000, numerous trinkets of considerable value, and securities worth more than £5,000. The local notary who was called in by the relatives could hardly believe his eyes when he made the inventory of the estate. Rather unseemingly rejoicings were indulged in by the next of kin, who had organized a kind of Hibernian wake in the old woman's bovel; and when the undertaker's people came to take the body for burial they found the whole place littered with wine bottles. The very best Burgundy only had been consumed on the premises by the heirs.—*London Telegraph.*

A Sail-bird's Joke on a Farmer.

"I had a funny experience once," said a young farmer. "When a boy, I confess I was pretty green. I lived with my father upon a farm near Columbus, and used to haul wood into the city and sell it for him. One day I had entered town with my customary load, when as I passed a large building, someone poked his head partly out of a window and asked 'if the wood was for sale.' I replied in the affirmative. 'Well, throw it over this fence,' came back from the upper window."

The house was surrounded by a high wall, but I managed to pitch it over, and then went around to the front gate for my pay. I could not get in; I hammered and called in vain, when some passer-by, attracted by my frantic efforts to gain an entrance, inquired what was the matter and informed me that the building was the jail. One of the prisoners had played a joke upon me. I could not get my money or the wood back, and returned home with empty wagon and pockets."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Quaker Marriages.

All Quaker marriages being regarded as a religious ceremony, indeed, courtship, betrothal, permission and final marriage itself being regarded wholly as a matter of religious progression to the very grave and sacred consummation of wedded life, whether they occur in the meeting-house or at some home, the wedding must invariably be solemnized at "meeting," and must partake of all the "meeting's" silence and sacred character. The regular monthly "meeting" preceding the marriage appoints two friends of each sex to have its general oversight. Headed by one bridesmaid and groomsmen, the prim and sombre procession enters the "meeting," forming in lines through which pass the bride and groom to the p.m. chairs in which they are seated. At one side are gathered the parents and venerable grandparents, and at the other a venerable group of olden folk and "friends in the ministry." But all the throng of silent Quakers is standing save the bridal couple. Then follows a silence such as may only be known among these people. This continues until it is the pleasure of the bride and groom to break it. Finally they arise. Facing each other, with right hands clasped, the man repeats only these simple words: "In the presence of the Lord and these our friends, I take thee (here naming the bride) to be my wife, promising, with divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." Then the woman makes precisely the same declaration, changing only the word husband for wife, and the two are one. After another impressive period of silence groomsmen bring forward a small table. Upon this is a certificate of marriage, to which the husband and wife attach their names, and following these are usually placed the signature of nearly every Friend at the "meeting." This is the entire ceremony, and after a simple feast and congratulations the couple proceed to their home and begin life together, apparently as unconscious of the tremendous change in their condition as though a blended life of half a century had preceded their wedding day.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Breeding up Your Bees.

A correspondent of the *Western Beekeeper* remarks: All enterprising farmers and stock raisers are using all their efforts to breed their stock up to the highest degree of purity, that they may obtain better results. They have learned by sad experience that in these days of enterprise and progress there is not a fair living in raising the common stock or scrub. The same is true of the bee race. Perhaps the majority of bees are of the common black type and are in and in bred for many generations so they are a very inferior strain of bees this is perhaps the reason so many make bee-keeping a failure. The writer came very nearly making bee-keeping a failure because of this. The first colonies of bees I bought were of the black type. I had good luck in increasing. I increased them the first season to sixteen and bought one Italian, for which I paid a good price. Fortunately I lost in wintering all but one black and my Italian. I said good by, old blacks, the survival of the fittest. I bought twenty more colonies in the spring, of a fair hybrid, and sent to two noted breeders for two tested Italian queens and introduced them, and every year I got queens from some apiary, and the result was I soon had the most gentle and prolific bees in the neighborhood and got a large crop of honey while my brother bee keepers got but a small crop compared with mine; all this I claim due to breeding up my bees. The first eight years I kept bees, my average per colony was about fifty pounds, while the last seven years I have averaged 100 pounds. Spring count (except 1887).

Peculiar Connubiality.

Bostonians are peculiar people—very peculiar. "I know an odd couple here in Boston," says "Favener" in *Boston Post*, "whose married life is conducted on new and original principles. They are literary people, having an income quite sufficient for their wants, and spending all the time in rational pursuits and in amusements which are either intellectual or health-giving. There is nothing strange in this but their peculiarity is that they live as if they were old married acquaintances. They always breakfast separately, very seldom meet at lunch, but usually dine together. Once in a while the husband invites the wife to ride or drive with him of an afternoon; and she, in turn, sometimes takes him with her in her coupe. Each have a separate library or sitting room; and I fancy the monsieur would hardly present himself unannounced in Madame's drawing-room. There is not the slightest lack of affection between them, but the idea is that no two human beings can thoroughly enjoy each other's society if they are together constantly. They wish to preserve the charm of novelty. 'Have you read such and such a book?' I once heard this unusual husband inquire of his extraordinary wife. 'No,' was the reply; 'I am curious to see it.' 'Well,' said he, 'suppose I drop into your library to-night and bring it with me. I should like to talk it over with you.' This proposal was graciously accepted, and thenceforth the couple spent a very agreeable evening together."

Queer Language.

At the last meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society, Lieutenant Quedenfeldt, a German officer who has lived on Gomero Island, one of the Canary group, described a whistling language which is used by the inhabitants. The language does not consist of any arbitrary series of signals or sounds; it is described as ordinary speech translated into articulate whistling, each syllable having its own appropriate tone.

The Gomero uses both fingers and lips when whistling, and Lieutenant Quedenfeldt asserts that he can carry on a conversation with a neighbor a mile off, who perfectly understands all he is saying. The practice is confined to Gomero Island, and is quite unknown in the other islands of the archipelago.

The adoption of the whistling language is said to be due to the peculiar geological construction of Gomero island. It is traversed by numerous gullies and deep ravines running out in all directions from the central plateau. As they are not bridged, they can only be crossed with great difficulty; hence a man living within a stone's throw of another in a straight line has often to go around many miles when he wishes to see and speak to his neighbor.

This, it is conjectured, led to the adoption of whistling as a useful means of communication, which has gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech. It is described as being anything but unpleasant to the ear.

This reminds one of the drum language of the natives of the Cameroons, mentioned in Buchholz's book on West Africa, by means of which the most complicated messages can be conveyed to villages at a distance when occasions necessitate it. For this purpose a peculiarly shaped drum is employed. By dividing the surface into uneven halves, the instrument on being struck may be made to yield two distinct notes. By these, and shortening or lengthening the intervals between each note, a code is established, with a regular sequence of taps, strokes and intervals capable of expressing every syllable in the language.

All the natives understand this code, and so highly elaborated is it that a chief can by its means summon to his presence any villager whom he desires to see, intimating to the latter at the same time the purpose for which he is required. In this way, too, messages can be sent from village to village over wide stretches of country—the drummer in one hamlet transmitting to the next the signals he hears, and with extraordinary rapidity.

Buchholz had proof on one occasion of the utility of this drum language and its capabilities as a medium of communication. The negro who had charge of his canoe obtained leave one morning to attend to some private business of his own, which took him to the other side of the river. The man remained away an unreasonable time, and Buchholz got very angry, as he was waiting to leave the place. Another negro suggested that they should drum for him. The drummer was sent for and instructed to inform the missing servant that his master was very angry with him, and that he was to return at once. In a few minutes the man returned with the inevitable apologies for the length of time he had been away. He had perfectly understood the message drummed to him, as Buchholz ascertained by inquiring of him.

Equally curious is the so-called sign language, or finger speech, of oriental traders, largely employed on the east coast of Africa, in the direct line of Zanzibar. Walking through a market place in this region of the world, the traveler will often witness a strange sight.

A couple of grave, long-bearded Arabs will step aside, each will put his hand up the other capacious sleeve, and the pair will then begin apparently to pinch each other's fingers for a few minutes. Often the performance will be varied. One will unroll his long turban cloth, or perhaps lift up his long mantle and then cover his hand, and concealed beneath this the pinching of the fingers will proceed as before.

The initiated know that this is a method of bargaining by means of a code of finger speech understood by Eastern traders from southern Arabia and northern Africa to the borders of Persia. It has been adopted in the first instance for a simple reason.

In the East, especially along the coast of the Red Sea, Zanzibar, and southern Arabia, all business is transacted in the open air. And in all such transactions the by-standers, idlers, riff-raff and meddlesome busybodies generally contrive to have a good deal to say, tending their advice to both buyer and seller.

The unwritten etiquette of the East requires that such friendly counsel should not be presented. But as the merchants and dealers find it an unmitigated nuisance and a great hindrance to business, they have adopted a certain code of finger signs, which they exchange when bargaining, with their hands concealed under their sleeves or turban cloth. Each finger and each joint of a finger represents a certain figure. So the pain can bargain by the hour—as they often do—to their hearts' content, and none of the noise and gaping busybodies around them be any the wiser for it.—*St. James Gazette.*

In leap year the young maid's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

KIDS AND JESTERS.

There's a policeman named Halfpenny on the New York force. He's a copper in spite of it.—*Buffalo Express.*

It doesn't take much to puzzle children. Now one of them wants to know how the angels get their night-gowns on over their wings.—*San Francisco Call.*

The unfairness of the fair—the ladies who tend at charity bazars. They never change anything but their countenances when you refuse to buy.—*Boston Gazette.*

The Kentucky Legislature will prohibit marriages where persons have "a violent temper." It can't be done. Violent tempers are discovered only after marriage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Little Johnny (who has discovered a scar on top of the old gent's cranium)—"Oh, grandpop!" Old gent—"Well, child?" Johnny—"Ma sed yer was cracked in yer head, and so yer is."—*New York World.*

Dr. Bigbill—You may thank your stars, sir, that physicians in these days don't bleed patients afflicted with your malady as they used to."—Patient—"I'm not sure that they don't, doctor."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A friend reading over a list of names of women attached to a prominent society, and noting the Lillies and Docies, etc., inquires why those women should have their names all frayed out at the ends.—*Exchange.*

In China the highest recommendation a man can have is the fact of his having a wife. A man in this country might have half a dozen wives and it wouldn't recommend him worth a cent.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Small boy to his big sister—"Edith, do you know why I think you are like a cat that has fallen into a hoghead of molasses?" Edith—"Because I'm so sweet?" Small boy—"No, because you're so stuck up."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The electric kiss is the latest form of amusement in the highest circles of the east. The lady and gentleman shuffle about on the carpet until they are charged with electricity, when they kiss in the dark and make the sparks fly for the entertainment of the on-lookers. It is said the shock is very delightful under these circumstances. It is a fad that can not have a very long run, however. After a young lady has practiced it a while it will be almost impossible to shock her.—*Chicago Times.*

New Jersey has the crank of the century, a Prohibition crank, to whom a monument, representing a big bottle with the neck down, should be erected, even while he yet lives and moves and has a being. He has introduced a bill in the Assembly at Trenton to prohibit any man from growing any crop from which any intoxicants can be made. With such a bill as a law all the Jersey apple and peach and cherry trees would have to be cut down as cumberers of the ground, all strawberry plants, all berry bushes of any description rooted out, all corn and wheat and barley and rye fields laid waste. The denizens of the Jersey-lightning State would thus be compelled to resort to the chameleon's diet and let their dependant neighbors live on wind as well.—*Cincinnati Times.*

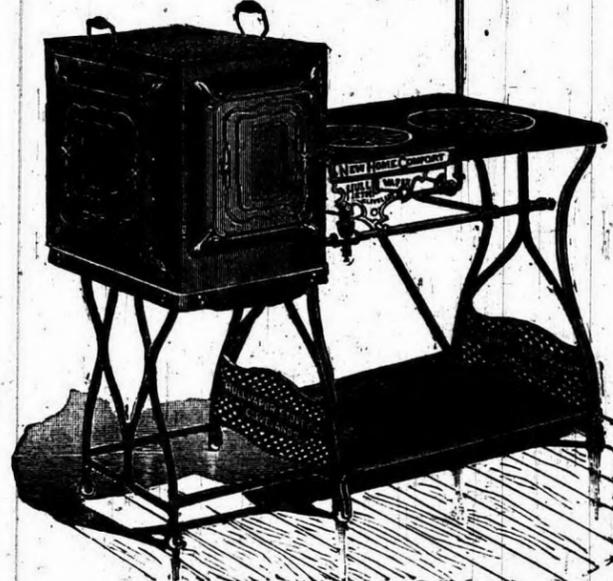
How to Prove the Earth's Motion.

Any one can prove the rotary motion of the earth on its axis by a simple experiment, for making which an educational journal of Frankfort, Germany, gives the following directions: "Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of Iycopodum powder, a white substance, which is sometimes used for the purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any apothecary's. Then, upon the surface of this coating of powder, make, with powder charcoal, a straight, black line say an inch or two inches in length." Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it shall be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark, that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way.

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